For I leved him, oh, as the state love night! And my onecks for him feeled red and whit when prot he called me his heart's delight; Wood-by, my loves, good-by! The touch of his hand was a thing divine As he sat with me in the soft moonshine. And drank of my love as men drink winer Good-by, my lover, good-by?

And never a night as I knelt to prayer, in a gown as white as our own souls were, East in fancy he case and klased as there Good-by, my lover, good-by!

But now, O. God! what an empty place My whole heart is! Of the old embrace And the kies I loved there lives no irace: Good-by, my lover, good-by!

He sailed not over the stormy sea.

And he went not down in the waves, not her
Hut, ob, he is lost, for he married me;
Good-by, my lover, good-by!

James Whitoomb Eiley in Newark Journal.

The Boy's Grandmother.

A stitch is always dropping in the everl-And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day; and I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting.

When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hourse, the Praims and the Episties.

When the other boys were burning tar harzies down the street:

And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whisties,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

But, there always is a poppermint or a penny There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep; And she lets the candle in my room burn to the very socket.
While she stews and patters round about till I am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn's.
And mother has ber slipper off according to
the rule;
It sounds as awest as aliver, the voice thus
says, "I wouldn's:
The boy that work so swimming such a day
would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing. And I look at her a moment and I keep still And who she is by this time there is no need For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house!

## -Independent. THE OLD MAN'S ROMANCE

"Going west, are you, Bob?" asked the old man quietly, as he added a fresh stick to the aiready glowing fire. "Yes; I leave for Texas on the early train to-morrow, Consin Tom." the young man answered firmly, almost

emuly.
Do you find have you heard that there is a good opening for a physicise out there where you are going?" said the old man as he lighted his pipe and reseated himself in his com

"I don't care a continental whether there is an opening for a physician or not; I am going west to go to work," said Bob, quickly. "I may end by being a cowboy or something worse, per-haps," he added with a laugh that it

was not pleasant to hear.
"And how does the little Alice like the idea of your going?" asked Cousin Tom carelessly, it seemed, but his haif-closed eyes under his shaggy brows were fixed very intently upon

brows were fixed very intently upon the young fellow as he spoke.

Bob winced. "I have not considered it necessary to notify Miss Ames of my intentions," he said stiffly.

"Perhaps I may as well tell you," he continued after a moment, "that it will be through no voluntary act of mine that she ever hears of reasons.

mine that she ever hears of me again; so, if you please, we will leave her out of the conversation. But come, Cousin Tom, you have been out west yourself.
Tell me something about the country."
The old man puffed away slowly at
his pipe. The young fellow's indifference did not decsive him. There were
a good many thoughts in his mind. He

had been sitting a long while alone with only the dim firelight and his memories for company. The coming of his young cousin had hardly dispelled the visions he had been recall-ing, and he waited a long time before replying.
"Yes." he said, at length between the puffs, "I have seen a good deal of the west, and a very different country

it is from this, I can assure you. There is hardly a square mile of ground in the whole state of Texas that I have not been over; and Mexico and the territories, and California, too, I know pretty well. I was a considerably younger man than I am now when I went to the frontier. I little the then of becoming the decrepit old bookworm that I am now, with hardly strength enough to light my pipe. It has been a good long time since the Mexican war though, hasn't it? I was hardly as old as you when I enlisted.
"Did I ever tell you. Bob," said the old mar suddenly, "how I came to go

"No," said Bob, "and I have often been curious to know why you threw up everything and spent so many years of your life in wandering about."

"Well," said the old man, leaning forward to empty his pipe upon the bearth, "I may make a pretty long story of it, and if you get tired you must let me know. After I left school I settled down in the village to practice law. I was never a very wild fellow, only quick and hot-tempered-quick and hot-tempered. Aye, there's where the trouble came," said the old man musingly. The firelight flickered upon his bald head and sunken cheeks, and his eyes were very sad.

"Here, boy," he said, as he fumbled in his pocket and produced a little, worn vetvet case, "that has been with me everywhere through all that west-Look at it as I talk to you. "Why, this is Alice, sir," said Bob eagerly as he opened the case.
"Aye, Alice." said the old man, 'but

not your Alice. My Alice I used to call her in the old days. She was Alice Ames' aunt. I can see her now. boy, as I saw her the day she sat lis-tening to me as I told my love to her. She kept her eyes bent down upon the grass at her feet all the time I was talking to her. We had walked down the hill to the rustic seat under the old ech tree, but that, too, is gone now. I forgot. Her hat had slipped off, I

remember, and her rough rings of hair seemed to have caught the rays of the sun himself and shone and glinted round her head. She lifted her sweet eyes to mine when I had done, and putting her hand in mine, said:
"Why, Tom, don't you know I have

loved you always?" "And, boy-but why am I telling you all this? You wanted to know why I went west. Well, as I told you. was a hot-headed, quick-tempered fool, and, though it seems to me now that Alice did everything that a sensible man would have heen satisfied with, I used then to be very exacting, and was often vexed with her. She

was bright, and cheerful, and heppy, and used to treat my high the mighty humors with the lightness they deserved. Emaily one day—I shall never forget it—I had been to see Alice in the morning, and, with my usual fool-hardness, had been consuring her for dancing so much the night before with Hanry Wentworth, your banker ir town, you know. It seemed to me she had taken my strictures a little more defauntly than usual; at all events, I went off feeling very angry.

went of feeling very angry.

But, as is always the case with hot-beaded foois, I cooled off very quickly.

Alice had always been so ready to fee. give me that it was with no resitancy that I went out that afternoon to take her for a drive. I found her with her hat upon her head, standing on the gallery pulling some roses. They were yellow, I remember, and very sweet. Come Alloe, I said. Solim is in excellent trim; let us take a drive out the Greensboro pike.

"I am very sorry. Tom,' she said, but I cannot go with you this after-

"She stopped breaking the flowers as she spoke and looked at me half shyly from under her lashes."

"Why not, pray?" I asked, firing up in a moment. I faucied there was something teasing in her tone.
"I have other fish to fry," she said

aimply. as she stood there twirling the policy rose in her hand and bending down her head till her little chin rested upher bare, white throat. Somehow a yellow rose always brings back that cture to me. I remember my first pulse was to take her in my arms and beg her to forgive me, but ere I moved or spoke I heard the sound of heels on the gravel without, and, turning. I saw young Wentworth drive up. Without a word I turned and left

the house. As I entered the village I met a little band of troops starting for the Mexican war. In a moment I was out and had enlisted. We left that the I was accountable to no one my actions, and no one knew of

my whereabouts.
"What I suffered in the war it matters not. That gash across the little being pricked by a Mexican sword.

When my term of enlistment was out
I was more than willing to return
home, and lost no time in doing so. As I left the train and walked up the village street I saw a funeral proces-sion just turning the brow of the hill. were getting in the carriage as I passed the gate. He had married, he told me, the week after I left, a girl from the south. They both seemed very sad and in a hurry to be gone. "Whose is the funeral?" I asked as

I turned to go.
"'Alice's, he answered.

"My God! It was my Alice, and I had gone and left her."

The old man pressed his head upon his hands and the tears trickled down

his sunken cheeks. Bob did not speak: face was hidden too.
'After that," the old man said by-

and-by. "I spent the next twenty-five years of my life in prowling about the west, and it was only when I became an old man, when I had nothing left but Alice." but Alice's grave over there on the hillside, that I came back home to rest. But here am I," he said with a sudden start, "keeping you up listening to my chatter when you ought to be in bed, getting ready for your trip to-morrow."

The young man sprang to his feet. "Just 1 o'clock," he said. "I can yet eatch the 1:30 train to town. I shall not go west at all. Cousin Tom, and it my Alice will forgive me you may come to our wedding next month." Patience Oriel in Philadelphia Times,

#### BRIDGET'S DEAFNESS.

The Mistress of the Kitchen Too Much for a Cousus Man.

There are none so deaf as those census enumerator, the scene of whose joys and sorrows was West Chester street, says the Philadelphia Record. The cook in a certain residence. Bridget by name, was returned in the form that was left to be filled out as deaf. and no further thought was given to the matter.

Sometime afterward, however, the enumerator called at the house to see Bridget, who was just at the time watching a pot which she did not want to boil over. The following conversa-

"Is your name Bridget?" Sure, and I am in a fidget," said the cook, auxiously gazing on the pot. "No. Bridget," shouted the census

"Ah, faith, and I'm Bridget." "Are you deaf?"

"Arrah, now, there's been no death in my family." "Not death, but deaf; you can't

Yes, it's very near, and if it boils it Was your mother deaf, or your mother's mother?"

Smother is it you mane? Sure and ye can't smother a boiling pot."
"Was your grandmother deaf?" fairly yelled the frantic enumerator.

Och, and my grandmother isn't in no." replied the anxious Bridget. "It's mother's milk and musn't buil "Were any of your ancestors deaff" shrieked the official. "Faith, and I haven't any sisters.

Oh, wirra, wirra, it's over. Get out, ye spalpeen; I haven't any sisters or brothers, but my milk has boiled over." The milk boiled over, and so did the soumerator. He gave up his inquiries about Bridget's infirmity and was out of the way. The problem remains to be answered what business is it of Superintendent Porter's employes if the members of Bridget's family are deaf

### Average Length of Life Sentences

"Fifteen years is about the average lifetime seutence," says a prison phy-sician. Very few convicts, though sentenced for life, serve more than that period. They die or are par-

'In the Missouri prison there are five holiday pardons every year granted by the Governor. One white and one negro convict are pardoned on the Fourth of July, and two white and one negro convict are pardoned on Christ The long termers get the bane fit of this clemency. This I heartily endorse. If fifteen years does not re form a man fifty years will not."

#### Size of a Spider's Thread.

I have often compared the size of the thread spun by full-grown spiders with the hair of my head, says a well-known naturalist. For this purpose I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and, from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than 100 of such threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of A HINT FOR NORTHERN TRAVELERS. "Lapping" Books No Longer Pays of Southern Railroad Trains.

"We don't lap any more books," said a chipper newsboy at the Central depot last night. "Truth is we lost so many that way till we just can't "ford it. I don't know for certain who first started such dologs, but some of the boys say it was Bill McAfee on the Richmond and Danville road. Bound for Billy; he's always starting some-thing he don't know nothing about. Old Billy is a leader for all that. The way that scamp cad persuade the women into buying books is a sin and a shame. Ain't no use in talking; he can just do it; that's all. I heard some of the boys telling how about Billy's lapping of books worked the first day he fell on to the scheme. People looked wild when they saw the 'butch' throwing all sorts of books into their laps without asking a cent for 'em. 'Twas all Billy could do to hold in when the women would look up and smile and say 'thankes.' But they changed their tune when he passed through the car to collect fares' on 'em. Everybody was so interested reading the books that they wouldn't stop, and they flung out the little twenty-fives and lifties like shot out of a shovel. Some of the women didn't have the chauge and they was mighty sorry they'd started to read the books. They'd

blush and look like they wanted to borrow the funds.

"Lapping worked splendid them times, but she's changed now. People are in the habit of getting off with the oks. We lost anything that way? No, siree. Many is the one that's got off with my books, but I made it up on the next man. "Twon't do to get left.

"Talking about reading people, I've always been mighty successful at it. I can tell a preacher or a lawyer 'every fire.' Oh, yes, I always have bound books for their sort. I slipped one time, though. It was this way: The company had purchased a lot of cheap books, 'flow to Cure Diseases of the Mind and Body,' and as they was a hard stock we boys was allowed double 'commish' on 'em. I had one left, and was mighty anxious to dispose of her. She was clean and neat, but she just wouldn't go. One day coming out of Macon, I espied a little dried up man, with shaggy hair and weak-looking eyes. He had the littlest hands I ever n, and legs and feet accordingly. set him down for a countryman. I made bold to tackle him. 'Here's the last one I have in stock,' I said to him.

Better take it if you need anything of the kind. I argued; 'this is the only one in print. Country people don't have to send for a doctor when they have this work.' The little man looked up at me sorter tired and said mildly: You little rascal! If you don't go away from me I'll throw you out that away from me I'll throw you out that window.' I turned up my lip at the little old countryman and walked out. When we reached Atlanta the depot was crowded with people, and they kept up such whoopin' an hollerin' when the train stopped, I poked my head out to see what was the matter. Would you believe it, they had this little countryman by the hands, and looked like they'd go plum crazy about him. I got sorter uneasy, and I cased up to the conductor and asked him who the countryman was and he said: Look the countryman was and he said: Look heah, boy, don't you know Gor. Alex. Stephens?" "-Atlanta Journal.

#### American Enterprise

Here are some of the remarkable ob servations of an American in foreign countries: "I saw," says the traveler, advertisements for the sale of the Waterbury watch filling whole columns in newspapers and large spaces on the outer walls of buildings in all the great sities of India. I heard the hum of

Yokohama aud Tokio and Shanghai. heard the clatter of the American type-writer in Chefo and Tientsin and Swatow and Aintsh I heard Ameri can dentistry praised as the best in the world, and I traveled with an American dentist who was on his way to practice his profession in the city of Pekin. I afterward received his painted circular announcing his arrival in the great imperial city and his readiness to extract the molars of mandarins or fill the cavity of Confucianists in the most approved style of American art.

I saw Amercican tram cars in the streets of Tokio and the American windmill pumping water on the bluffs of Yokohama. I was glad when I heard the click of Connecticut clocks keeping good time for orientals, who are always behind. California canned fruits and Oregon salmon and Boston baked beans in hotels all over the east made me feel that home was not so far away and that the time was fast coming when one might compass the globe and find himself at home and among his people, and hearing the familiar sounds of his mother longue all the WAY.

'And the fact that America is so often represented in the east by the homely articles of practical and everyday use did not make me wish that my country had more works of fine art or more ruins and traditions of ancient

Landmarks of Progress. Experts of the Agricultural Experi nent Station of New York have recent

y prepared statistics showing the rela tive condition of farmers in this country compared with any former period. Following is a summary of the conclusions reached. 1. There has of late years been a relative increase in the number of farms and farmers. 2. There has

been a steady decrease in the average size of farms in this country. 3. There has been a steady decrease in the relative amount of unimproved land in the farms. 4. There has been a great increase in the purchasing power of farm products. 5. There has been a great ncrease in the producing power of manual labor through the introduction of farm implements and machinery. . There has been an enormous increas in the aggregate value of farms, buildings, stock, and implements of husbandry. 7. The indebtedness of farmers is apparently not increasing, and has probably diminished very apprecia-bly the past few years. 8. There has been a wonderful advance in the intelligence of the farming population an increase in the demands of rura life, and the means found for the grati fication of such demands and desires as this changed condition in the average farmer's life has imposed and awak

King Oscar of Sweden has made only twenty-four addresses during his reign, eighteen in Swedish, four in Nor wegian, one in French, and one in English, and that they are to be pub lished in a volume, with other volumes of his poems, essays, and translations

IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS. TERRIBLE SQUEEZE DOWN

THERE. ting Things About the Submeries World

-- Deep Sea Lamps -- A Pressure That Crushes Glass to Powder-Still There's Animal Life There.

To any one that has an imagisative Sature the ocean is perhaps the greatto imagine it possessed with life, or something akin to it. It has its moods, its fancies; to-day is calm, unruffled and serene; to-morrow, torn by emotions, ront by seeming passion-s veritable demon seeking to destroy, beating itself down in impotent rage. So vast a body of fluid, distributed

over different zones where opposite conditions obtain and preserving its general size, evaporation and flood, seemingly equal, can but excite the wonder of all thinking people. Five miles' depth of solld water, with its zones of temperature, its vast rivers, hot and cold, its strata of deposits, its little understood conditions, is surely a mystery difficult to solve, and until within a few years it has been a sealed

Twenty years ago the ocean was thought by the majority of people to be a vast body of water, warm enough at the surface to permit life and support it, but at the greater depths life was supposed, from the enormous pressure, to be impossible. The mathematician proved it by a simple calculation, so nature was here at fault. Vast areas of inter-oceanic space were entirely useless, devoid of life, incapable of supporting it, a gloomy, dark, unfathomable region, almost beyond human comprehension.

Modern science has controverted all this, and as mysterious as the ocean was the revelation of its wonders has made it still more the object of curious attention. We know that it attains a dopth in some parts of from five to six miles, possibly more. We know it because it has been measured, and we have gained some idea of the pressure from the fact that glass instruments lowered into the greater depths have been reduced to powder, and iron, copper, wood and rope are twisted, bent and frayed.

The temperature at these great distances from the surface is just above the freezing point. If it were possible for a man to descend five miles below the surface he would find himself in this low temperature, and still supposing him to withstand the pressure, be would be in the same condition that a man would be on shore with twenty or thirty car-loads of pig-iron piled upon him. This is of course not supposable, yet it may convey some idea of the state of things in the submarine world.

The human explorer would not be unaccompanied in his travels. As far as he could penetrate he would probably find living creatures adapted by nature to withstand these extraordinary conditions. He would find this abysmal realm, so long considered an abode of darkness, gleaming with lights. Every movement would result in a blaze of illumination, as if he were gifted with the light-producing the American sewing machine in the byways and broad streets of Bombay Calcutta and Rangoon.

"I saw American lamps for burning there in fitful gleams, so that far from American petroleum hawked about the being involved in gloom the deep sea streets on wheelbarrows for sale in s a veritable land of enchantment full

of strange and wondrous lights. Almost every animal, or every branch of the animal kingdom, to be more precise, contains these curious living lamps. They are found in all parts of the ocean. Almost invisible at the surface, they display their golden splendors upon the wave's crest, are hurled aloft by the gale, and appear to be the wraiths of the ocean. Peer into the depths as we float along on some warm summer night, and the watery firmament appears dotted with living lamps, comets, shooting stars and spheres, while far away their numbers multiply, and the nebula is

reproduced. These spectres might well seem the reflection of the stars overhead, but they are parts of the illuminating soonomy of the ocean. In southern eas the most remarkable scenes may be witnessed, though in the cold waters of the north I have observed exhibitions that excelled any I have seen in the Pacific or the Gulf of Mexico.

As has been suggested these light bearers belong to almost every branch or group of animals. In the deep sea the most striking and marvelous forms are the fishes, and judging from the few that have been brought to the surface by the deep sea dredgers and appliances of scientists, we may well consider them the most remarksble of all living creatures.

To withstand the pressure at great depths, which may be roughly stated as amounting to a ton weight on the square inch for every 6,000 feet of depth, the fishes are constructed upon the principle of a sponge, being extremely porous or cavernous. The bones are permeated by pores, and undoubtedly water enters every portion, so they are literal living sponges, presure being equalized. When these ishes are taken from the water, they often nearly fall apart, showing how fragile they are, and the vertebræ are so loosely connected that they separate at the slightest display of force.

Expansion of the Brooklyn Bridge. If you should cross the Brooklyn bridge one of these cold nights, and return on a warm, sunny afternoon, you would have about three feet further to walk on coming back. That is to say, the contraction and expassion of the entire length of the structure ranges some three feet. To provide for this there are three sliding connections, one for each spanotherwise the continual stretching and shortening of the whole would

soon break it in two. If you will ex-

amine one of these sliding connections

se a sudden change of temperature you can almost see the wonderful operation of nature, just as you can see the minute hand of a time-piece move by close observation. The breaks in the roadway will show you where the connections are. These are formed by Dixon of Westerly, R. I., elected to fill overlapping, so as to county the connections are the county of the co

# MARVELS OF SURGERY.

So life be left in our bodies, no mat

The Skilled Operator Can Patch and Rebutle

good by taking a piece of part of another. A disfiguring birthmark on the away, and a patch of skin taken from the arm of the mother was transplanted to cover the wound. A man so frightfully burned as to lose the greator part of his epidermis was success fully recovered with frog skin. Recovery will have a double meaning senceforth for him. Oculists have taken the cornea from the eyes of rabbits, cats and dogs, to replace and make god the vision of human beings. That wonderful fibre, the nerve, has also yielded itself to the skillful touch of science. The nerves may be patched and pleced. The nerves of brutes have been successfully joined to the stumps of severed nerves of men. Baldness may be cured by grafting. A New York physician has recently repaired ravages of this kind by first taking grafts from the patient's own scalp, where time had spared his locks, and afterward eking out the supply by portions taken from the head of another person, doubtless selecting hair of the proper color. "These grafts were doubtless cut up by means of a punch, and included not only the thickness of skin, but also subcutaneous tissues beneath, which left them fully a quarter of an inch thick. Holes cor responding in size to those left after the removal of the grafts were, of course, made in the scalp for their reception. All the grafts united well, without suppuration or untoward results, and bore hair luxuriantly." Even the bones, where they have been splintered by accident or destroyed by tisease, may be replaced with better ones and become incorporate with

the complete osseous structure. In the light of such surgical achieve ment the mysterious creation of woman in the Garden of Eden loses a part of its incomprehensibility. The hurts and ailments of our poor humanity are helped and healed with a skill that approaches magic. As Prospero could set his goblins at work to grind the joints of his enemies with dry convulsions, and to shorten their sinews with aged cramps, so the good musicians of the scalpel can now undo the demoniac work of the goblins, who apparently have never left off grinding men's joints and shortening their sine ws.

The Blue-Jay. The blackbird whiatles in early spring And the bob'links' notes o'er the me

The swallows twitter from the ived wall But the blue-jay comes in the fall The robin pipes when the sunlight shines And the oriole sings in the tangled vines In summer thickets the cat-birds call,

But the blue-jay comes in the fall. The wild canary likes the weather warm, And the brown thrush chants after eac June storm. When the green leaves turn they will

vanish all. But the blue-jay comes in the fall. These sun-nourished songsters, let them g

For they dare not face one fiske of snow. The bare trees herald the winter's thrall, But the blue-jay comes in the fall. And down in the woods I heard his cry, And his bright blue wings went flashing by,

December waits with an key pall, But the blue-jay comes in the fall. -Earnest McGaffey.

#### Canada.

The Dominion of Canada embrac today, under one federal government the entire territory of British North America, including the islands, with the exception of Newfoundland, which has so far preferred to remain outside the confederation. This vast area is divided into seven provinces and four territories. The provinces are as follows, taken in the order of their popu lation and wealth: 'Ontario, Quebe Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitobi Prince Edward Island and British Columbia. The four territories, which include vast areas of prairie land in the great northwest, very thinly populated, are Alberta, Assintbois East, Assinibola West and Saskatchewan.

#### Not General Forrest

Back in war times I had occasion t call on General Forrest, of the confederate army. I had never met General Formst, and beholding an officer of high, proud and commanding carriage standing in front of head quarters, his respleadent uniform and general air of grandeur led me to think he was Forrest himself.

"Is this General Forrest?" I asked, saluting him. "No. sah," he said, returning my

salute. "This is Colonel Jackson T. Grangerfield, sah, of the-th Louislans, sah; a more daring and far more dangerous man, sah."--St. Joe Ballot.

your hands."

## A Pressing Mood.

Jack-"Why is dough like a man? Susie-"Because it's hard to get off Jack-"Oh, so! It's a thing the remen knead."-Harvard Lampoon. | trace of disfiguremen

#### THE ARTIST SENATOR: Posp Bato his Sketch Book-iffs

One of the most interesting men who connections are. These are formed by overlapping, so as to cause one part of the road to slide upon the other, and the "I" rall of the car track has a similar provision. Perhaps you will remember when you see all this that it is the key of the fron bridge poblem which bothered bridge builders, and the solving of which alone made such immense spans possible.—New York Letter.

MARYELS OF SURGERY wonderful one it is in another and, perhaps, more difficult manner. Some time ago, after he had been a senator but a few months, he astonished his colleagues one day by repeating entirely from memory and without making a single error the roll call of the senated and algebra consisting of algebra constitutions and algebra constitutions are constitutions of algebra constitutions and algebra constitutions are constituted as a constitution of algebra constitutions are constituted as a constitution of algebra constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions as a constitution of algebra constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions as a constitution of algebra constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions as a constitution and constitutions are constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions as a constitution and constitutions are constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions are constitutions and constitutions are constitutions and constitu maimed or broken, the surgeon will set hopefully about the work of repair. The process of grafting animal tissue is now carried to such an extent that the deficiency of one creature is made to prove it he almost paralyzed his astonished bearers by repeating the roll call backward, without once hesiface of a child was recently neatly cut tating or committing an error of any

> Repeating the roll call in alphabeti-cal order is not the only evidence of Senator Dixon's wonderful memory. So closely has he watched the proceed-ings in the Senate and so keen is his sense of observation that he can at any time call off, entirely from memory, the list of pairs, stating accurately just the list of pairs, stating accurately just what senators are paired with each other, and on what subjects. Senator Casey has charge of the matter of arranging pairs in the Senate, and repeatedly he finds it necessary to consult with Senator Dixon, and always receives information as to the status of the pairs which enables him to arrange the pairs which charles him to arrange everything satisfactorily for all parties. As told in the N. Y. Sun lately, dur-ing almost the entire tariff debate Senator Dixon kept his head studiously

> Senator Dixon kept his head studiously buried in the report of the finance committee. When it was accidentally discovered in the Senate a few days ago, it was found to contain among other things caricatures more or less flattering of several of the more picturesque members of the Senate. In many cases, however, his pictures were in no sense caricatures, but presented striking likenesses of the subjects. For instance, on the margin of one of For instance, on the margin of one of the pages he had sketched a most per-fect outline of the clear-cut profile of Senator Evarts of New York. The sketch was such a clever one that the portrait was recognized at a glance by all who saw it, and Mr. Dixon ha all who saw it, and Mr. Dixon has been kept busy explaining that he had no motive in making the picture except to occupy his mind. The book in which he made his drawing is a large volume containing the various sections of the tariff bill, and the reason why the changes were proposed, arranged on alternate pages for ready reference. The margin of these pages is very broad, and it was here that Mr. Dixon

arranged his caricatures, and where he drew on the page relating to works of art and antiquity an almost life-sized reproduction of the cherub-like face of Senator Hoar. To give an interesting and humorous turn to the picture the artist purposely neglected to draw any hair on the head of Mr. Hoar, and the effect was most ludicrous. The book was shown about in the cloak rooms for some time before Mr. Dixon discov ered his loss. As soon as he obtained possession of his improvised album he locked it in his desk and refused to show it to anybody. It must not be supposed that Mr. Dixon used his tariff book only for the purposes of sketch-ing. It is a fact that on the margin of the pages he recorded every amend-ment made to the tariff bill from the In these days of wonderful scientific time it was first called up until it was discovery the surgeon easily keeps disposed of, together with the votes step with advancing knowledge. complete illustrated record of the con sideration of the tariff bill in the Senate

#### An Eccentric Precentor.

No orchestra is complete, of course without its leader. Even the "first fiddle" must observe the baton. And as the insect world affords us a veritable fiddler and a harpist, as well a other instrumentalists, so too may w find our precentor close at hand, if our eyes are only sharp enough. This group of singing beetles upon the poplar branch, I wonder if they are watching him as they nod their squeaky trio? For he is close at hand. Even among these very leaves we are sure to find him with a little search. But if they are indeed observing him, he must be a decidedly confusing leader, for no two of the bobbing heads are keeping the same time. Ah, here he is! perched upon the midstem of an aspen leaf close by. You have seen him perhaps a hundred times, and all his pompous pride has been wasted on you, being doubtless mistaken for a part of withered or curled leaf. Our precentor is about an inch and a quarter long. The forepart of his body is arched upward, like a sphinx. He wears a green vest and a flat triangular hat, and white-bordered brown muntle decorate his back. And his baton? No wonder our beetle trie were confused, for ou precentor wields two batons. He is w unto himself, has no score to follow, and, what is more, if things don't go exactly to suit him, he whips our from the tips of his batous two long red whip-lashes, and makes things live ly for a few moments.

impetuous anties of our eccentric pre-centor—squirming from side to side, circling his double baton about his head as with a hurrah, snapping his whip on right and left without rhyme or reason. Yes, as a precentor it is difficult to understand his doings. But when we return to reason, and re member that he is only a puss-moth caterpiller, it is not half so mysterious. If we watch and wait for a moment or two, we shall doubtless witness a return of that buzzing fly-a parasite, perhaps-that has just been tickling him. The puss-moth caterpiller is quite common upon young aspens, and will be readily recognized from my de-scription. It is an amusing insect, and, so far as I have seen, those peculiar rosy whip-lashes concealed within the forked tail, to be used when occasion demands, are not described in the popular works on natural history Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Young People.

It is difficult to understand the many

#### Cutting Off Nones. Cutting off the nose is a favorite act

of vengeance to inflict on an enemy or a faithless wife in the Bombay district of india, and simultaneous with the practice has grown the art of making new noses to replace those sliced away. The injured feature can be mended by a skillful artist so as to leave little

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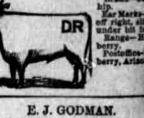




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